

7
Here af

ter foloweth a litle
booke, whiche hath
for name whi come ye
not to counce, com-
piled by mayster
Skeltō Doctō
Laurent.





45. 6 30. 611



Al noble men of this take heed
and beleue it as your Creed.

So hally of sentence
To force for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in negligence
To hache in recompence
To hante in excellence
To lyght in tellegence
And to lyght in credence
where these heye resydence
Reson is banished thence
And also dame prudence
wyth sober sapience
All noble men. &c.

Then without collusion
Marke well this conclusion
Through such abussion
And by such illusion
Unto great confusion
A noble man may fall
And his honour appall
And yf ye thinke thys shall
Not rubbe you on the wall
Than the deuyll take all. &c.

Dee vates ille, de quo loquitur in illis

A. II.

why

Why come ye not to court?

Ho age is a page
For the courte ful ynnest
For age cannot rage
Nor baffe her sweet sweet

But when age seeth that rage
Dothe as rage and refrayne
Then will age haue a rage
To come to court agayne

But

Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decayes
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age agraunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in a rerage
Doth renne lamentably

So

That rage must make pyllage
To cathe that cathe may
And with suche forage
Hunte the bolkeage

That

That hartes wyll runne a way
Bothe hartes and hundes
With all good mindes
Farewell, than haue good day

✠ Than haue good day a deuo
For defaute of reskew
Some men may happely reu
And theyr heades me
The tyme dothe fast ensew
That bales begin to breu
I drede by swete Jesu
This tale wyll be to treu
In fayth dycken thou kreu

In fayth dycken thou crew, &c.

D Icken, thou crew doutlesse
For trewly to expresse
There hath be moche excelle
With banketyng braynlesse
With riotyng rechelesse
With gambauding chrystlesse
With spende, and wast witlesse

A.iii.

Creating

Treating of truce restlesse
Practynge for peace peaslesse
They countrynge at Tales
Wrang vs on the wales
Cheef counselour was carelesse
Gronyng grouchynge gracelesse
And to none entent
Our talwod is all bzent
Our sagottes are all spent
We may blowe at the cole
Our mate hath cast her fole
And mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do ther too
An ende of an olde song
Do ryght and doo no wrong
As ryght as a rammes horne
For thurst is threde bare worne
Our sheep are shrewdly shorne
And trouthe is all to torne
Wysdome is laught to thorne
Fauell is false forsworne
Fauell is nobly borne
Hauell and harue haster

Jacke

Jacke Trauel and Cole crafter
We shall heare moze herafter
With pollyng and Maupnge
With borowynge and craupnge
Wyth reupnge and caupnge
With swerpng and starpyng
There bayleth no resonpng
For wyll dothe rule al thing
Wyll wyll, will, wyll, wyll
He ruleth alway styll
Good reason and good skyll
They may garlycke pyl
Lary sackes to the mill
Or pelscobbes they may thyll
Or els go rolle a stone
There is no man but one
That hath the strokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he dooth is ryght
As ryght as a Cammocke croked
This byll well ouer looked
Clerely percepue we may
There went the hate away
The

The hare, the fox, the Gray
The hart, the hinde the hynke of
God sende vs better lucke

God sende vs better lucke, &c.

A Wit Andrew, that Scot
Gehene, geferne thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
Wee shall haue a tot quod
From the Pope of Rome
To weite all in one lome
A webbe of Lyffe wulce
Opus male dulce
The deuill kisse his cule
For whyles he dothe rube
All is warse and warse
The deuyl kisse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It cannott be much worse
From Vainberd to bothābar
We haue cast by our war
And made a worthy treuse
With guppenell fufe

Our

Our mony madly lent
And moze madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went:
From winchelsy to Rye
And all not worthe a flye
From wentbridge to Hull
Our armye wareth dull
With turne all home agayne
And neuer a scot slayne
Yet the good Erle of Surray
The frenche men he dothe fray
And bereth them day by day
With all the power he may
The frêche men he hath fainted
And made their hertes attaynted
Of cheualry he is the floure
Our lorde be his succour
The french men he hath so mated
And their courage abated
That they are but halfe men
Like foxes in their den
Lyke cankerd cowardes all

Lyke

Lyke Urcheons in a stone walke
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cokoldes

But yet they ouer shoote vs
With crownes & with Scutus
With Scutes & crownes of golde
I drede We are bought and solde
It is a munders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the Cardynals hat
They shoote all at that
Out of their stronge towones
They shote at him with crownes
With crownes of golde enblased
They make him so a mased
And his eyn so dased
Thac he ne see can
To know god noz man
He is set so hye
In his Jerarchy
Of frantpeke frenesye
And folysshe fantasy

Thac

That in the chambze of sterres
Al maters there he marres
Clappynge his rod on the boorde
No man dare speake a worde
For he hath all the sayeng
Without any renayeng
He rolleth in his recozdes
He sayth, how say ye my lordes:
Is not my reason good
Good eyn good Robyn hood
Some say yes. And some
Sit styll as they were dome
Thus th'warryng ouer thome
He ruleth al the roste
With braggyng and with boste
Borne vp on euery syde
With pompe and with pride
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame Philargerya
Hath so his herte in holde
He loueth nothyng but golde
And Almodeus of hell
Maketh his membres swel

wyth

With Dalpda to mell
That wanton damself

¶ A dew philosophia
A dew Theologia
Welcome dame Simonia
With dame Castrimergia
To drinke and for to eate
Sweet Iporras and sweet meat
To kepe his flesh chaste
In lent for a repaste
He eateth Capons stewed
Felaunt, and Partriche mewed
Hennes, checkinnes and pigges
He foynes and he frigges
Spareth neither mayde ne wyfe
This is a postels lyfe

¶ Helas my herte is soze
To tel of vayne gloze
But now vpon this soze
I wyl no further ryme
Till another tyme

¶ Till another time

what

What newes what newes
Small newes y trewe is
That be Worth two kues
But at the naked stewes
I vnderstande how that
The sygne of the Cardinall hat
That Inne is now hit vp
With gup whose gup, now gup
Gup Gilliam Trauillian
With iast you I say Julian
Wyl ye beare no coles
A mayny of marefoles
That occupy theyr holes
Full of pocky moles

What heare ye of Lancashyre
They were not payde their hyre
They are fell as any fyre

What heare ye of Cheshyre
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
Their wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afrayde
Of the Scottissh hofte

Foz all their crake and boſſe
wylde fyre and thunder
Foz all this woꝛldly wonder
A hundred myle a ſunder
They were whan they were next
That is a trewe text

What heare ye of the ſcottes
They make vs all ſottes
Doppynge ſoly the dawes
They make vs to pylle ſtrawes
They play their olde pranks
After huntley bankes
At the ſtreme of Banok burne
They did vs a ſhyllode turne
Whan Edward of Barnarum
Loſt al that his father wan

What here ye of y^e lorde dakys
He maketh vs Jacke takers
He ſayes we ar but crakers
He calleth vs England incn
Stronge harted lyke an hen
Foz the ſcottes and hee

To

To wol they doo agree
With doo thou for mee
And I shal doo for thee
Whyles the red hat doth endure
He maketh him self rocke sure
The red hat with his lure
Bringeth al thinges vnder cure

But as the worlde now gose
What heare ye of the lord Rose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly lose
Theire hertes be in their hole
The Erlc of Northumberland
Dare take nothyng on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mousehole they wolde
Rynne away and creep
Lyke a mayny of sheep
Dare not looke out at dur
For drede of the maystiffe cur
For drede of the buchers dog
Wold wyery them like an hog
For and this curre doo gnar

They

They must stande all a faw
To holde by their hand as ybat
For all their noble bloud
He pluckes them by the hood
And shakes them by the care
And bring them in suche feare
He bayeth them lyke a bere
Lyke an ore or a bull
They wittes he sayth are dull
He sayth they haue no brayne
They estate to mayntayne
And make to bow their knee
Before his maiestee

Judges of the kinges lawes
He countes them fooles & daves
Sergeantes of the copse che
He sayeth they are to seeke
In pleying of their case
At the commune place
Or at the kinges bench
He bringeth the such & wench
That al our learned men

Dare

Dare not let thei penne
To plete a tresser tryall
Within Westmister hall
In the Chauncery where he sitteth
But such as he admitteth
None so hardy to speake

He sayth, thou huddy peake
Thi learnyng is to leude
Thy tounge is not well theode
To seeke before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues
And calles them cankerd knaues
Thus royally he dothe deale
Under the binges brode seale
And in the checker be the checker
In þæt chaire he noddeth hecker
And beareth him there so stoute
That noman dare coute
Duke, erle, baron nor lord
But to his sentence must accord
Whether he be knight or squier
All men must folow his desyre

B.i.

What

What say ye of þe Scottys king
That is another thyng
He is but an ynglyng
A stal worthy stryplyng
There is a whysprig a whiplig
He shoulde be hyther brought
But and it were well sought
I trow all wylbe nought
Not worth a chittel cocke
Nor worth a so wyre calstocke

There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany
That of shoulde go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland owets
The mouテナunce of two hours
But as some men sayne
I dyede of some false trayne
Subtelly wrought shalbe
Under a fayned treatie
But within monethes thre
Men may happely see

The

The trecher, and the plarikes
Of the stotterly bankers
What heere ye of abugonions
And the Spayniardes. Onyons:
They haue slaine our Englishme
Aboute thre score and ten
For all your amitter
No better they agree

God saue my Worde Admired

What heere ye of Duttrele:
There with I dare not mel
Yet what heere ye tell
Of our graunde counsell:
I coulde say some what
But speake ye no more of that
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
For than thyne hed of gale
Of by the harde earse of mad
But there is some nauars
Betwene some and some
That makes our fire to glunt
It is some what wrong

B.it.

That

That his berde is so long
He moyneth in blacke clothing
I pray god saue the king
Where euer he go or ryde
I pray god be his gyde
Thus wyl I conclude my stile
And fall to rest a while

And so to rest a while, &c.

O Res yet agayne
Of you I wold frayne
Why come ye not to court

To which court?

To the kinges court

Or to hampton court

May to the kinges court

The kinges court

Shoulde haue the excellence

But hampton court

Hath the preeminence

And yokes place

With my lordes grace

To whose magnificence

Is

Is al the consellence
 Sutes and supplications
 Embassades of all nacjons
 Straw for law canon
 Or for the law comon
 Or for law cruell
 It shall be as he wyll
 Stop at law tancerte
 An obstract or a concrete
 Be it soure be it sweete
 His wisdome is so dyscrete
 That in a fume or a mete
 Warden of the fleet
 Set him fast by the feet
 And of his royall podyr
 Wahan him lyst to labyre
 Than hane him to the Cour
 Sayns aulter remedy
 Hane him forth by and by
 To the marshalls
 Or to the slynges benche
 He dyggeth so in the trench
 Of the court royall
 B.iii. That

That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And surly sleighes dothe lunde
That the kinges kinde
By him is subuerred
And so streightly conserued
In credensyng his tales
That all is but natyales
That any other sayth
He hath in hym surhe sayth

✠ Now, yett all this insight be
Suffred and taken in geer
If that, that he brought
To any good ende were brought
But all he bringeth to nought
By good that he deare bought

He bereth the bygonne
That he hath bygonne
To make his coler red
But he lagorth it in the red
And tulerh it about
That in the coler it is
All

All cometh to confusyon
Perceyue the cause why
To tell the trowth playnly
He is so ambitious
So shames, and so vicious
And so superstitious
And so much obliuious
From whens that he came
That he falleth into Acisiant
Whiche trulpy to expresse
Is a forgetfulnesse
Or wylfull blyndnesse
Wherwith the Sodomites
Loste their inwarde syghtes
The gomozians also
Were brought to deadly woo
As scripture recordes
A cecitate cordes
In the latyne synge we
Lybera nos domine
But this mad Amalecke
Lyke to Amamelek
He regardeth Lordes

B.iii.

Re

No more than pot thyrdes
He is in such elacion
Of his exaltacion
And the supportacion
Of our souerayne lord
That god to recorde
He ruleth al at wyll
Without reason or skyll
How be it the pꝛimordiall
Of his wretched originall
And his base progeny
And his gresly genealogy
He came of the sank royall
ꝑ was cast out of a bochers hall

But how euer he was borne
Men wolde haue the lesse scorne
If he coulde consyder
His byrth and rowme together
And cal to his minde
How noble and how kynde
To him he hath founde
Our souerayne lord; chief ground
of

Of all this prelacy
And set him nobly
In great auctoritie
Out from a low degree
Which he cannot see
For he was parde
No doctor of deuinitie
No doctor of the law
No of none other saw
But a poore maister of arte
God wot had litle parte
Of the Quatriniats
No pet of trinitals
No of philosophy
No of Philology
No of good pollicy
No of astronomy
No acquainted worth a fly
With honourable haly
No with royall scholomy
No with Albumatar
To treat of any star
Fyrt of els mobyll

hys

His latyn tounge dothe hobbyt
He dothe but cloute and cobbell
In Tullis facultie
Called humanitie
Yet proudly he dare pretende
How noman can him amende
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is amonge blynde men

¶ Than our proesse for to stable
This man was full vnable
To reche to such degree
Had not our pzince bee
Royall Henry the eyght
Take him in suche conceyt
That he set him on heyght
In exemplyfing
Greate Alexander the king
In wyting as we finde
Whiche of his royall minde
And of his noble pleasure

¶ Tran

Transcending out of measure
Thought to do a thing
That perceynerh to a king
To make up one of might
And made to him be brought
A wretched poore man
Whiche his living was
With plantyng of Trekes
By the dayes and by the weekes
And of this poore bassall
He made a kyng royal
And gave him a realm to rule
That occupied a shewe
A mattoke and a spade
Before that he was made
A kyng as I haue tolde
And ruled as he wolde
Suche is a kynges power
To make within an houre
And worke such a miracle
That shal be a spectacle
Of renowne and worldly fauour
In lyke wyse now the same
Cardynall

Cardinall, is promoted
Yet with fowle condicions coted
As hereafter ben noted
Presumpcion and vayne glory
Envy, wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slouthful to doo good
Now frantike, now starke wrooth
Should this mā of suche moode
Rule the swerde of might
How can he doo right
For he wylt as soone smight
His freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe ago
Set vp a wretche on hygh

In a throne triumphant
Make him a great estate
And he wylt play cheke mate
With royall maiestee
Counte hūselfe as good as hee
A prelate potentall
To ride vnder Wel pall
Hanyon A

As ferte and as cruel
As the feende of hel
His seruautes men of al
He dothe reuple and bral
Lyke Mahounde in a play
No man dare him withsay
He hath dyspyght and scozne
At them that be wel bozne
He rebukes them and rayles
Ye horsong, ye vassayles
Ye knares ye churles sonnes
Ye rebaudy not worth two plums
Ye rapnibeten beggers reicaged
Ye recrayed ruffyns al ragged
With skoupe thou hanel
Kenne thou sauel
Thou peuysh ppe pecked
Thou losel longe necked
Thus dayly thei be decked
Taunted and checked
That they are so wo
They wot not whether to go
No mā dare come to the speche

Di

Of this gentell Jacke bryche
Of what estate he bee
Of spiritual dignitie
Nor duke of hye degree
Nor Marques, Erle, nor lord
Whiche shewdly doth accord

Thus he borne so base
All noble men shoulde outface
His councynaunce lyke a knyght
My lord is not at layser
Syz ye must cary a stounde
Tyll better layser be founde
And syz, ye must daunce attē daunce
And take pacient sufferance
For my lordes grace
Hath now no tyme nor space
To speake with you, as yet
And thus they shall speake
Chuse them self or sit
Stande, walke, or ryde
And his layser abyde
Marchaunce halfe a yere
And yet neuer the nere

This

This dangerous dolypere
Lyke a kynges pere
And within this .xvi. pere
He wolde haue ben right fayne
To haue ben a chaplayne
And haue taken right great payn
With a pooze knight
What so euer he hyght
The cheefe of his owne counsel
They cannot well tel
Whan they with him should mel
He is so fiers and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddypates
He grinnes and he gapes
As it were Jacke Rapes
Suche a mad bedleme
Foz to rule this realme
It is a wonders case
That the kynges grace
Is towarde him so minded
And so farre blynded
That he cannot perceyue

How

How he dothe him disceyne
I doubt lest by Sorcery
Or such other loselry
As wyche craft, or charming
For he is the kinges derlyng
And his sweet hart roote
Is gouerned by this mad boote
For what is a man the better
For the kynes letter
For he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat muche I wonder
How suche a hoddypoule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kynes owne hand
And setteth not by it a myte
He sayth the kyng dothe wyte
And writeth he wot not what
And yet for all that
The kyng his clemency
Despenseth with his demensy
But what his grace doth this
I

I haue no pen nor ynke
That therewith can mell
But wel I can tell
How fraunces Betrarke
That moche noble clerke
Writeth how charlemayne
Coude not him self tescayne
But was rauysht with a rage
Of a like dotage
But how that came aboute
Rede ye the story out
And ye shall finde surely
It was by nycromancy
By carctes and confusyon
Under a certayne constellation
And a certayne purgacyon
Under a stowe on a golde ryng
Wrought to Charlemayn y^e kyng
Whiche constrained him to rebelle
For to loue a certayne body
Aboue all other in ordynary
This is no fable nor no lye
It Acou it was brought to pass

As by myne auctoz tried it was
but let mi masters mathematicall
Tell you the rest; for me they shal
They haue the full intellygence
And dare vse the expens
In there absolute consciens
To practique such abolete sciens
For I abhoze to smatter
Of one so deuillysh a matter
But I wyl make further relacio
Of this Hagogicall collation
How maister Sagune the crowe
Of the feates of war (myler
That were doone in fraunce
Maketh remembraunce
How kynge Lewes of late
Made vp a great estate
Of a poore wretched man
Wherof muche care began
Johānes Balua was his name
Myne auctoz writeth the same
Promoted was hee
To a Cardynalles dignitie

Bp

By Lewes the kynge aforesayde
With him so wele apayde
That he made hi his chauncelar
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him lyst
Eyl he checked at the fist
And agayne all reason
Committed open treason
And agaynst his lord souerayn
Wherfoze he suffered payn
Was heded, drawen & quartered
And dyed stinkingly martered
¶ Loe yet for all that
He ware a cardinals hat
In him was fatal fayth
As myne auctoz sayth
Not for that I meane
Suche a casuelti should be seene
Or suche chaunce should fall
Unto our Cardinal

Allmyghty god I trust
Hath for him discusst
That of force he must

L. ii.

Be

Be faythfull, trewe and lust
To our moſte royall kyng
Cheef roote of his makinge
Yet it is a wply mouſe
That cā bilde his dwelling houſe
Within the cattes care
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nyce reconing
To put all the gouernynge
All the rule of this lande
Into one mans hande
One wyſe mans head
May ſtande ſomwhat in ſtede
But the wittes of many wyſe
Noche better can deuyle
By their circumſpection
And their ſad dyrection
To cauſe the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale
Chriſte kepe king Henry the eyght
From trechery and diſceyght
And graunt him grace to know
The Faucon from the Crow
The

The wolfe from the Lane
From Whens that mastyfe came
Let him neuer confounde
The gentyll greyhounde
Of this matter the grounde
Is easy to expounde
And soone may be perceyued
How the worlde is conueyed

¶ But harken my frend one word
In earnest or in boorde
Tell me now in this stede
Is maister Medwas dead
The kinges frenche secretary
And his vntrew aduersary
For he sent in writing
To fraunces the frenche king
Of our masters counsel i eueri thing
That was a perillous rekenyng

¶ Nay nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in y head
that he shal neuer eat moze bread

L.iii.

Now

Now he is gone to another stede
Wyth a bull vnder lead
By way of cummysion
To a straunge intrefectyon
Called Bininges dale
Farre beyonde portyngale
And hath his pasporte to pas
Ultra sauomatas
To the deuyl syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Bellypail
The deuyls bycare general
And to his college conuentual
As well calodemonypail
As to cacademonypail
To puruey for our Cardynal
A palace pontificall
To keep his courte prouyncypail
Upon artycles iudicial
To contende and to stryue
For his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make common peremtozy
Befoze some prothonotozy
Imperial

Imperyal oz papall
Upon this matter misticall
I haue tolde you part, but not al
Heere after perchaunce I shal
Make a larger memoryal
And a further reherfall
And more paper I thinke to blot
To the courte why I can not
Besyng you aboue all thing
To keep you from laughyng
Whan yefall to reding
Of this wanton scrowle
And pray for Hewtas soule
For he is wel past and gone
That wolde god euerichone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as well as hee
Amen, amen, say yce
Of your inward charitie.
Amen.

Of your inwarde charitie.
If we were great ruthe
For wyting of truch
Any

Any man should be
In perplexitie
Of displeasure
For I make you sure
Where trouth is abhorde
It is a playne recorde
That there wantes grace
In whose place
Dothe occupy
Ful vngraciously
Fals flattery
Fals trechery
Fals bybery
Subtyle Sym Sly
With mad foly
For who can best lye
He is best set by
Than far well to thee
Welthfull felicitie
For prosperitie
Alway than will flee
Than must we agree
With pouertie

For misery
With penury
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hath made asky
And out cry
Followinge the chase
To drue a way grace
Get sayest thou per case
We can lacke no grace
For my lordes grace
And my Ladyes grace
With trey deuse ase
And ase in the face
Some haute and some bace
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one case
Marke me that chase
In the Tennis play
For sinke quater trey
Is a tal man
He rod, but we ran
Way the gye and the gan
the

The gray goose is no swan
The waters war wan
And beggers they ban
And they cursed datan
De tribu dan
That this worke began
Balam, et clam
With Balak and Balam

The golden ran
Of flemyng dam
Sem, Japheth, oz cam:
But how come to pas
Your cupboorde that was
Is turned to glasse
From silver to brasse
From golde to pewter
Or els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To lead, oz Alcumyn
A goldsmyth your Mayre
But the cheef of your fayre
Whetyng stand now by potters
And

And such as sell trotters
Pytchers, potthozdes
This shewdly accordes
To be a cupbozde for lordes

My lord now and sir knight
Good eyn and good night
For now syr Tristram
Ye must weare bukram
Oz Canuas of Lane
For sylkes are wane
Our royals that shone
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonyons
And Spanyardes onyons
And the Flanderkyns
Gyll weates and Cate spinnes
They are happy that winnys
But Englande may wel say
Fye on this winning alway
Now nothing, but pay pay
With laughe and lay downe
Borough, Lirie and towne
Good Springe of Lanam

Must

Must counte what he canke
Of his clothe making
He is at such taking
Though his purse wax dull
He must tax for his will
By nature of a new writ
My lordes grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit
In the spight of his teeth
He must pay agayne
A thousand or twayne
Of his golde in store
And yet he payde before
An hunderd pound and more
Whiche pincheth him sore
My lordes grace will byng
Doone this hve byng
And bynge it so low
It shall not euer flow

Such a prelate I trowe
Were worthy to rowe
Throgh the streytes Parocks

To the gybbet of Baldoock
He wolde dryp by the stremes
Of .ix. kinges realmes
All riuers and welles
All waters that swelless
For with vs he so melless
That within England dwelless
I wolde he were som where els
For els by and by
He wyl drinke vs so dryp
And sucke vs so ny
That men shall scantly
Haue penny or halpenny
God saue his noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endlesse to dwel
With the deuyl of hel
For and he were there
We need neuer feare
Of the feendes blaks
For I vnder take
He wolde so brag and crake
That he wolde than make

The

The deuyls to quake
To Mudder and to shake
Lyke a flet drake
And with a cole rake
Bruse them on a brake
And bynde them to a stake
And set hell on fyer
At his owne desyer
He is suche a grim sper
And suche a potestolate
And suche a potestate
That he wolde breke the chaynes
Of Lucyfer in his chaynes
And rule them echone
In Lucyfers trone
I wolde he were gone
For amonge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
Without all good reason
And all out of season
For I olam Deason
With him be not geson
They growe very ranke
Upon

Upon every banke
Of his herbers greene
Wyth my lady bright and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not all clene
And it be as I woene

¶ But as touching distraccion
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guyde
But all must be tryde
And abyde the correction
Of him wyll full affectyon
For as for witte
The deuyll speed whitte
But braynlyk and braynlesse
Witles and rechelesse
Careles and shamlesse
Thriftles and gracelesse
To gether are bended
And so condiscipled

That

That the commune welth
Shall neuer haue good helth
But tattered and rugged
Ragged, and rugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare worne
Suche gredinesse
Suche nedinesse
Myserablenesse
With wretchednesse
Hath brought in distresse
And moche heuynesse
And great doloure
England the floure
Of reuerent honour
In olde commemoracion
Most royal Englyshe nacion
Nowe in state of faction
Almost in desolacion
I speake by protestacion
God of his misercy
Send better reformation
Lo, for to doo shamefully

He iudgeeth is no fol
But to write of his shame
He sayth we ar to blame
What a frenly is this
No shame to doo anys
And yet he is a shamed
To be shamfully named
And oft prechours be blamed
Because they haue proclaimed
His madnesse by writing
His simplicielle relitig
Remordyng and bytting
With chiding and with hating
Shewyng him goddes lawes
He calleth the prechers daibes.

✠ And of holy scriptures sayes
He counteth them for gaibes
And putteth them to silence
And with wordes of violence
Lyke Pharaos, boyde of grace
Byd Moyses foremanale
And Aaron fore he thre

D.i.

The

The worde of god to let
This manner in like wyse
Agaynst the church doth ryle
The prechour he dothe dysple
With craking in suche wyse
So bragging all with boiste
That no prechour almoste
Dare speake for his lyfe
Of my lordes grace, nor his wyfe
For he hath suche a bull
He may take whome he wyl
And as many as hym likes
Mai eatte pigges in lent for pikes
After the sectes of heretykes
For in lent he wyl eatte
All maner of fleshe meate
That he can any where gete
With other abusyons great
Wherof for to trete
It wolde make y denyll to wete
For all prynced places
He brekes and defaces
All places of relygion

He hath them in derisyon
And maketh suche prouision
To dzyue them at diuysyon
And finally inconclusyon
To bzyng them to confusyon
Saynt Albons to recorde
Wherof this vngacious lorde
Hathe made him selfe abbot
Agaynst their wylls god wot
All this he dothe deale
Vnder strength of the great scale
And by his legacy
Whiche madly he dothe apply
Vnto an extrauagancy
Pyked out of all good law
Wyth reasons that ben raly
Yet whan he tooke first his hat
He sayd he knew what was what
All iustyce he pretended
All thynges shoulde be amended
All wronges he wolde redresse
All iniuries he wolde represse
All periuries he wolde oppresse

And yet this gracelesse elfe
He is periured him selfe
As playnly it dothe appere
Who list to enquire
In the regestry
Of my lord of Cantorbury
To whome he was professed
In thre poyntes expressed

The fyrst to doo him reuerence
The secode to owe him obedience
The thirde with whole affection
To be vnder his subiection
But now he maketh objection
Under the protection
Of the kinges great seale
That he setteth neuer a deale
By his former othe
Whether god be pleased or wrothe
He maketh so proude pretence
That in his equipolens
He iudgeth him equiualent
With god omnipotent
But yet beware the rod

And

And the stroke of god

The apostel Peter

Had a poore myter

And a poore cope

Whan he was creat pope

Fyrst in Antioche

He dyd neuer approche

Of Rome to the see

With such dignitie

Saynt Dunstane what was he

Nothyng he sayeth like to mee

There is a dyuersitie

Betwene him and me

We passe him in degre

As legatus a latere

Eccle sacerdos magnus

That will hed vs and hange vs

And streitly strangle vs

And he may fange vs

Decree and decretall

Constitution prauinciall

For no law canoncally

Shall let the preest pontyficall

To sit in causa sanguinis
Now god amende that is amys
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whisking rod
The flayle, the scourge
Of almyghy god

This naman Sirus
So fell and so irous
So full of malencoly
With a flap afore his eye
Men wene that he is pocky
Or els his surgions thep lye
For as far as thei can spy
By the crafte of surgery
It is manus domini
And yet this proude Antiochus
He is so ambitious
So elate, and so vicious
And so cruell harted
That he wyl not be conuerted
For he seteth god a parte
He is now so ouerthwart
And so payned with panges
That

That at his trust hanges
In Balthasor, whiche healed
Domingos nose, that was wheled
That Lamberdes nose meane I
That standeth yet a wyfe
It was not healed alder best
It standeth som what on the west
I meane Domingo Lomel, n
That was wont to tope
Boche money of the kyng
At the cardys and halsedynge
balthasor, p healed domigos nose
From the puskilde pocky pole
Now with his gumis of araby
hath promysed to hele our cardinals
Yet sum surgions put a dout (eye
Lest he wyl put it cleane out / mes
And make hi lame of his nedre li
god seide him sorow for his fines
Sum me might aske a question
By whose suggestyon
I toke on hand this marke
Thus boldly for to barke
And

And men lyst to harke
And my wordes marke
I wyl answere like a clerke more
For trewly and vnfayned
I am forcibly constrained
At Iuinals request
To wright of this glorious giste
Of this hayne glorious best
His fame to be encreast
At cuery solempne feast
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere
Now mayster doctour, how say ye
Whatsoever your name be
What though ye be namelesse
Ye shall not escape blamelesse
Nor yet shall scape shamelesse
Mayster doctour in your degre
Your selfe madly ye ouer see
Blame Iuinal a blame not mee
Maister doctour diricula
Omne, anime viciu. &c
As Iuinal dothe recorde
A

A small faulte in a great lorde
A litle cryme in a great estate
Is muche more inordinate
And more horryble to beholde
Than any other a thousand folde
Ye put it to blame ye was nere by
Ye may weare a cockes comb
Your face hed in your furred hood
Holde ye your tongue ye ca no good
And at more conuenient tyme
I may fortune for to tyme
Somewhat of your madnesse
For small is your sadnesse
To put any man in lacke
And say yt behinde his backe
And my wordes make truly
That ye cannot byde thereby
For *Singula non est sinamoni*
But *de absentibus nil nisi bonu*
Complayne or doo what ye will
Of your complayne it shall not skil
This is the tenor of my byl
A daucocke ye be, & so shall be
Sequitur

Sequitur epitoma
de morbilloso Thoma
Nec non obsceno
de poliphemo. &c.

Diro perbelle dissimulatū
Illū pādulo hūtatū legatū
Tam formidatū nuper prelātū
Seu, Raman sirū nunc elongatū
Insolitudine iam commoratum
Neapolitano morbo grauatū
Malagmate, Cataplasmati statū
Pharmacopoly ferro foratū
Nihilo magis alleuiatū
Nihilo melius aut medicatū
Relictis famulis ad famulatū
Quo tollatur infamia
Sed maior patet infamia
A modo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Criterius
Aptius Dictus Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus
Graphicus

Graphicus sicut Scelerus

Autumat.

De genus de craminis

Non est examinis

In centiloquio nec centimetro

Honozati

Grammatici

Maari,

Decasticon virulentum in ga-
leratum, Licaonta matrinum, &c.

Progredior, ecce mar, lupus
et nequissimus, vultus

Carnificis vitulus Britonumque
bubulcus infans

Conflatus, vitulus, vel Dreb
vel Salmana, vel zeb.

Carduus, et crudelis Asaph

q̃ Datan reprobatus

Blandus et Acchitiphel, regis

Scelus omne Britannum

Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas
confundit ubique

Non facit ille, Thomas

sed

sed duro corde, Goleus
Quem gestat Oulus
fathane caret (obsecro) culus
Fundens Aspaltum (precor)
hunc versum lege cautum
Asperius nichil est misero
Quum surget in altum.

↳ Apostropha an Londini ciues
(citanto mulum asino aureo gale
rato) in occursum aguile. &c.

Exitat eu asinus multum
(mirabile, visu

Calcibus O vestro ciues
occurrite Asello.

Qui regnum regemq; regit
qui vestra gubernat

Predia diuitias, nummos
galas spoliando.

✧ Dixit, alludens, immo illud es
popora de asino aureo galeato
xxviii.

Hec bat; ille, de quo loquitur mille
Finit.

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